citement. Some teachers were waiting for their sleighs, others planned to stay overnight in Chorino. All were deeply impressed by the meeting, and many asked us to visit their villages. Two girl teachers from the glass factory in a village not very far from Chorino were most insistent. They told us they had been on very good terms with the peasants but that since October the peasants had been showing increasing hostility toward them and the factory workers. "The workers do not care," they added, "but we feel miserable." They asked us to tell the peasants all about the strike and the Manifesto. Eugene and I promised to help the girls and decided to start touring the country the next morning. The Mensheviks from Novgorod asked to join us.

Thomas, busy with the samovar, forgot Egor, who sat on the edge of a bench at the door, his fur hat between his knees, a puddle of melted snow at his feet, sadness and confusion on his haggard face. I could have gained his complete confidence by saying to him, "Those men in uniform are sent by the Tsar to punish the poor people by killing their cattle." But this would have been contrary to our code of revolutionary ethics, and I had to leave Egor alone with his doubts.

THEY NEED THE TSAR

In the morning we decided to begin our tour in the districts north of Chorino, which the teachers considered the most difficult for political propaganda. The road passed a small glass factory, and we singled it out for the first meeting. Thomas suggested stopping at two hamlets on the way. We left Chorino in two sleighs, Eugene and I with Lazar in one, and the Novgorod Mensheviks with a young Chorino driver in the other.

At the first hamlet, the teacher met us in friendly fashion and immediately asked the headman to call the people to the school for a talk about the Manifesto. He wished to offer us tea, but his wife disappeared through the rear door. "You must excuse her," he said meekly. "She is a priest's daughter."

The walls of the teacher's living room were plastered with colored prints of Biblical scenes, saints, and monasteries. When we asked about the political attitude of the peasants, he replied, "Who knows? I never talk with them about politics and religion." And he added timidly, "Religion is superstition, of course. As an educated man, I know there is no God. But one must watch his step."

The classroom was long and narrow, with the teacher's desk at the entrance. Bearded old men sat awkwardly on pupils' benches and